Nova-Leigh

Born Ruffians

There's a space in my mind's big bookshelves,
holds the place of an idiot's dream.
For the songs I'll never sing,
humming sweet summer guitar melodies.
& I cry for them.
For the girls & the boys I'll never meet.
boo-hoo
& I try to bleed.
& the hairs on my arms stand up with me.

This reverie happens to be steeped misery.
Don't sing this one with me.

Tell the night I'm not sleeping
I'll be tired when I'm dead
Get me up, roll me over
I'm feeling upset.
I start feeling the sunlight on my legs, on my face
Get me up, roll me over.
I'm feeling okay.

There's a place in my mind's bookshelf for the song
I'll never sing.
It goes "ooh, ooh"
& I try not to bleed & the hairs on my arm stand up
with me.

This reverie happens to be steeped misery.
Don't sing this one with me.

Tell the night I'm not sleeping
say I'll be tired when I'm dead
Get me up, roll me over
I'm feeling upset.
I start feeling the sunlight on my legs, on my face
Get me up, roll me over.
I'm feeling okay.

There's a space in my mind's bookshelf for the song I
never sing
It goes "ooh ooh"
It cut my vocal chords with a razor blade while I tried
to scream to you.
I can feel it on the inside. Makes me itch and twitch
through & through.
Double barrel shotgun through my chest this afternoon.
For you & you & you & you & you

There's a space in my mind's big bookshelves, holds the
place of an idiot's dream.